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M
STANFORD



Craig Smith
321-7876

IOLANTHE

OR

THE PEER AND THE PERI

A New and Original Comic Opera

IN

— TWO ACTS —

WRITTEN BY

W. S. GILBERT

COMPOSED BY

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Authors of "The Pirates of Penzance," "Patience," etc.

AS PRODUCED BY ARRANGEMENT WITH

MR. R. D'OYLY CARTE

At the Bijou Theatre, Boston

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S95I6
1882

IOLANTHE

OR

THE PEER AND THE PERI

As Produced by Collier's Standard Opera Company at the
Bijou Theatre, Boston, Dec. 11, 1882

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

EDWARD E. RICE

CHARACTERS.

The Lord Chancellor	Mr. Henry E. Dixey.
Strephon	Sig. Brocolini.
The Earl of Tolloller	Mr. W. H. Fessenden.
The Earl of Mount Ararat	Mr. E. P. Temple.
Private Willis	Mr. G. Kammerlee.
The Train-bearer	Mr. W. H. Finn.

CHORUS OF PEERS, KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER, THISTLE, BATH AND
ST. PATRICK, GRENADIER GUARDS, BAND, ETC.

Iolanthe	Miss Clara Poole.
The Fairy Queen	Miss M. A. Sanger.
Phyllis	Miss Janet Edmondson.
Celia	Miss Anna Calloway.
Leila	Miss Hattie Delaro.
Fleta	Miss Sylvia Gerrish.

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

ACT I.—An Arcadian Landscape.

ACT II.—The Palace Yard, Westminster, at Night.

IOLANTHE
OR THE
PEER AND THE PERI

ACT I.

SCENE.—*An Arcadian Landscape. A river runs across the back of the stage.*

Enter Fairies, led by LEILA, CELIA, FLETA. They trip across the stage, singing as they dance.

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CHORUS.

Tripping hither, tripping thither,
Nobody knows why or whither,
We must dance and we must sing
Round about our fairy ring.

SOLO.—CELIA.

We are dainty little fairies,
Ever singing, ever dancing;
We indulge in our vagaries
In a fashion most entrancing.
If you ask the special function
Of our never-ceasing motion,
We reply, without compunction,
That we haven't any notion.

CHO.

No, we haven't any notion.
Tripping hither, etc.

SOLO.—LEILA.

If you ask us how we live,
Lovers all essentials give:
We can ride on lovers' sighs,
Warm ourselves in lovers' eyes,
Bathe ourselves in lovers' tears,
Clothe ourselves in lovers' fears,
Arm ourselves with lovers' darts,
Hide ourselves in lovers' hearts.

When you know us, you'll discover
That we almost live on lover.

CHO. Tripping hither, etc.

(At the end of chorus all sigh wearily.)

CELIA. Ah, it's all very well, but since our queen banished Iolanthe fairy revels have not been what they were.

LEILA. Iolanthe was the life and soul of Fairyland. When she wrote all our songs and arranged all our dances! We sing her songs and we trip her measures, but we don't enjoy ourselves.

FLETA. To think that five-and-twenty years have elapsed since she was banished! What could she have done to have deserved so terrible a punishment?

LEILA. Something awful: she married a mortal.

FLETA. Oh! Is it injudicious to marry a mortal?

LEILA. Injudicious? It strikes at the root of the whole fairy system. By our laws the fairy who marries a mortal dies.

CELIA. But Iolanthe didn't die.

Enter QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES.

QUEEN. No, because your queen, who loved her with a surpassing love, commuted her sentence to penal servitude for life on condition that she left her husband without a word of explanation and never communicated with him again.

LEILA. And that sentence of penal servitude she is now working out at the bottom of that stream?

QUEEN. Yes. But when I banished her I gave her all the pleasant places of the earth to dwell in. I'm sure I never intended that she should go and live at the bottom of the stream. It makes me perfectly wretched to think of the discomfort she must have undergone.

LEILA. To think of the damp! And her chest was always delicate.

QUEEN. And the frogs! ugh! I never shall enjoy any peace of mind until I know why Iolanthe went to live among the frogs.

FLETA. Then why not summon her and ask her?

QUEEN. Why? Because if I set eyes on her I should forgive her at once.

CELIA. Then why not forgive her? Twenty-five years! it's a long time.

LEILA. Think how we loved her!

QUEEN. Loved her? What was your love to mine? Why she was invaluable to me! Who taught me to curl myself inside a buttercup? Iolanthe!—Who taught me to swing upon a cobweb? Iolanthe!—Who taught me to dive into a dewdrop, to nestle in a nutshell, to gambol upon gossamer? Iolanthe!

LEILA. She certainly did surprising things.

FLETA. Oh give her back to us, great queen—for your sake, if not for ours. (*All kneel in supplication.*)

QUEEN (*irresolute*). Oh, I should be strong, but I am weak; I should be marble, but I am clay. Her punishment has been heavier than I intended. I did not mean that she should live among the frogs. And— Well! well! it shall be as you wish.

INVOCATION.

QUEEN. I Iolanthe!

ALL. From thy dark exile thou art summoned;
Come to our call,
Iolanthe!
Iolanthe!
Iolanthe!
Come to our call,
Iolanthe!

IOLANTHE *rises from the water. She is clad in tattered and sombre garments. She approaches the QUEEN with head bent and arms crossed.*

Io. With humble breast,
And every hope laid low,
To thy behest,
Offended queen, I bow.

QUEEN. For a dark sin against our fairy laws
We sent thee into lifelong banishment;
But Mercy holds her sway within our hearts:
Rise, thou art pardoned!

Io. Pardoned?

ALL. Pardoned!

Io. Ah!

Her rags fall from her, and she appears clothed as a fairy. The QUEEN places a diamond coronet on her head and embraces her. The others also embrace her.

CHO. Welcome to our hearts again,
Iolanthe! Iolanthe!
We have shared thy bitter pain,
Iolanthe! Iolanthe!
Every heart and every hand
In our loving little band
Welcomes thee to Fairyland,
Iolanthe!

QUEEN And now tell me: with all the world to choose

from, why on earth did you decide to live at the bottom of that stream?

Io. To be near my son, Strephon.

QUEEN. Your son! Bless my heart! I didn't know you had a son.

Io. He was born soon after I left my husband by your royal command, but he doesn't even know of his father's existence.

FLETA. How old is he?

Io. Twenty-four.

LEILA. Twenty-four! No one to look at you would think you had a son of twenty-four? But of course that's one of the advantages of being immortal—we never grow old. Is he pretty?

Io. He's extremely pretty, but he's inclined to be stout.

ALL (*disappointed*). Oh!

QUEEN. I see no objection to stoutness in moderation.

CELIA. And what is he?

Io. He's an Arcadian shepherd, and he loves Phyllis, a ward in Chancery.

CELIA. A mere shepherd, and he half a fairy!

Io. He's a fairy down to the waist, but his legs are mortal.

CELIA. Dear me!

QUEEN. I have no reason to suppose that I am more curious than other people, but I confess I should like to see a person who is a fairy down to the waist, but whose legs are mortal.

Io. Nothing easier, for here he comes.

*Enter STREPHON, singing and dancing, and playing on a flageolet.
He does not see the Fairies, who retire up stage as he enters.*

SONG.—STREPHON.

Good-morrow, good mother;

Good mother, good-morrow!

By some means or other

Pray banish your sorrow!

With joy beyond telling

My bosom is swelling,

So join in a measure

Expressive of pleasure,

For I'm to be married to-day, to-day—

Yes, I'm to be married to-day.

CHO. Yes, he's to be married to-day, to-day—

Yes, he's to be married to-day.

Io. Then the Lord Chancellor has at last given his consent to your marriage with his beautiful ward, Phyllis?

STREPH. Not he, indeed! To all my tearful prayers he answers me, "A shepherd lad is no fit helpmate for a ward of Chancery." I stood in court, and there I sang him songs of Arcadee, with flageolet accompaniment, in vain. At first he seemed amused, so did the Bar, but, quickly wearying of my song and pipe, he bade me get out. A servile usher then, in crumpled bands and rusty bombazine, led me, still singing, into Chancery Lane! I'll go no more; I'll marry her to-day, and brave the upshot, be what it may!—(*Sees Fairies.*) But who are these?

Io. Oh, Strephon, rejoice with me; my queen has pardoned me!

STREPH. Pardoned you, mother? This is good news, indeed!

Io. And these ladies are my beloved sisters.

STREPH. Your sisters? Then they are my aunts (*kneels*).

QUEEN. A pleasant piece of news for your bride on her wedding-day!

STREPH. Hush! My bride knows nothing of my fairyhood. I dare not tell her, lest it frighten her. She thinks me mortal, and prefers me so.

LEILA. Your fairyhood doesn't seem to have done you much good.

STREPH. Much good? It's the curse of my existence! What's the use of being half a fairy? My body can creep through a keyhole, but what's the good of that when my legs are left kicking behind? I can make myself invisible down to the waist, but that's of no use when my legs remain exposed to view. My brain is a fairy brain, but from the waist downward I'm a gibbering idiot. My upper half is immortal, but my lower half grows older every day, and some day or other must die of old age. What's to become of my upper half when I've buried my lower half, I really don't know.

QUEEN. I see your difficulty, but with a fairy brain you should seek an intellectual sphere of action. Let me see: I've a borough or two at my disposal; would you like to go into Parliament?

Io. A fairy member! That would be delightful.

STREPH. I'm afraid I should do no good there. You see, down to the waist I'm a Tory of the most determined description, but my legs are a couple of confounded Radicals, and on a division they'd be sure to take me into the wrong lobby. You see, they're two to one, which is a strong working majority.

QUEEN. Don't let that distress you; you shall be returned as a Liberal-Conservative, and your legs shall be our peculiar care.

STREPH. (*bowing*). I see Your Majesty does not do things by halves.

QUEEN. No; we are fairies down to the feet.

ENSEMBLE.

QUEEN. Fare thee well, attractive stranger.
 FAIRIES. Fare thee well, attractive stranger.
 QUEEN. Shouldst thou be in doubt or danger,
 Peril or perplexitee,
 Call us, and we'll come to thee—
 FAIRIES. Call us, and we'll come to thee.
 Tripping hither, tripping thither,
 Nobody knows why or whither,
 We must now be taking wing
 To another fairy ring.

*Fairies and QUEEN trip off, IOLANTHE, who takes an affectionate
 farewell of her son, going off last.*

*Enter PHYLLIS, singing and dancing, and accompanying herself on
 a flageolet.*

SONG.—PHYLLIS.

Good-morrow, good lover;
 Good lover, good-morrow!
 I prithee discover,
 Steal, purchase, or borrow,
 Some means of concealing
 The care you are feeling,
 And join in a measure
 Expressive of pleasure;
 For we're to be married to-day, to-day—
 For we're to be married to-day.

BOTH. Yes, we're to be married, etc.

STREPH. My Phyllis! And to day we're to be made happy
 for ever!

PHYL. Well, we're to be married.

STREPH. It's the same thing.

PHYL. Well, I suppose it is. But oh, Strephon, I tremble
 at the step we're taking. I believe it's penal servitude for life
 to marry a ward of court without the Lord Chancellor's consent.
 I shall be of age in two years. Don't you think you could wait
 two years?

STREPH. Two years! You can't have seen yourself. Here,
 look at that (*offering mirror*), and tell me if you think it's rea-
 sonable to expect me to wait two years?

PHYL. No; you're quite right; it's asking too much—one
 must be reasonable.

STREPH. Besides, who knows what will happen in two years? Why, you might fall in love with the Lord Chancellor himself by that time.

PHYL. Yes, he's a clever old gentleman.

STREPH. As it is, half the House of Lords are sighing at your feet.

PHYL. The House of Lords is certainly extremely attentive.

STREPH. Attentive? I should think they were! Why did five-and-twenty Liberal peers come down to shoot over your grass-plot last autumn? It couldn't have been the sparrows. Why did five-and-twenty Conservative peers come down to fish in your pond? Don't tell me it was the goldfish! No, no. Delays are dangerous, and if we are to marry, the sooner the better.

DUET.—PHYLLIS AND STREPHON.

PHYL. None shall part us from each other;
 One in love and life are we—
 All in all to one another,
 I to thee and thou to me.

PHYLLIS.	STREPHON.
Thou the tree, and I the flower;	I the tree, and thou the flower;
Thou the idol, I the throng;	I the idol, thou the throng;
Thou the day, and I the hour;	I the day, and thou the hour;
Thou the singer, I the song;	I the singer, thou the song;
Thou the stream, and I the willow;	I the stream, and thou the willow;
Thou the sculptor, I the clay;	I the sculptor, thou the clay;
Thou the ocean, I the billow;	I the ocean, thou the billow;
Thou the sunrise, I the day.	I the sunrise, thou the day.

PHYL. Ever thine since that fond meeting,
 When in joy I woke to find
 Thine the heart within me beating—
 Mine the love that heart enshrined.

PHYLLIS.

Thou the tree, and I the flower ;
 Thou the idol, I the throng ;
 Thou the day, and I the hour ;
 Thou the singer, I the song ;
 Thou the stream, and I the
 willow ;
 Thou the sculptor, I the clay ;
 Thou the ocean, I the billow ;
 Thou the sunrise, I the day.

STREPHON.

I the tree, and thou the flower ;
 I the idol, thou the throng ;
 I the day, and thou the hour ;
 I the singer, thou the song ;
 I the stream, and thou the
 willow ;
 I the sculptor, thou the clay ;
 I the ocean, thou the billow ;
 I the sunrise, thou the day.

Exeunt STREPHON and PHYLLIS.

*March. Enter Procession of Peers, headed by the EARL OF
 MOUNT ARARAT and EARL OF TOLLOLLER.*

CHORUS.

Loudly let the trumpet bray—
 Tantantara !
 Gayly bang the sounding brasses—
 Tzing !
 As upon its lordly way
 This unique procession passes !
 Tantantara ! tzing ! boom !
 Bow, ye lower, middle classes !
 Bow, ye tradesmen ! bow, ye masses !
 Blow the trumpets, bang the brasses !
 Tantantara ! tzing ! boom !
 We are peers of highest station,
 Paragons of legislation,
 Pillars of the British nation !
 Tantantara ! tzing ! boom !

Enter the LORD CHANCELLOR, followed by his train-bearer.

SONG.—LORD CHANCELLOR.

The law is the true embodiment
 Of everything that's excellent :
 It has no kind of fault or flaw ;
 And I, my lords, embody the law.
 The constitutional guardian I
 Of pretty young wards in Chancery.
 All are agreeable girls, and none
 Are over the age of twenty-one.

A pleasant occupation for
A rather susceptible Chancellor!
A pleasant, etc.

ALL.

But, though the compliment implied
Inflates me with legitimate pride,
It nevertheless can't be denied
That it has its inconvenient side;
For I'm not so old and not so plain,
And I'm quite prepared to marry again;
But there'd be the deuce to pay in the Lords
If I fell in love with one of my wards;
Which rather tries my temper, for
I'm such a susceptible Chancellor!
Which rather, etc.

ALL.

And every one who'd marry a ward
Must come to me for my accord;
And in my court I sit all day,
Giving agreeable girls away—
With one for him, and one for he,
And one for you, and one for ye,
And one for thou, and one for thee;
But never, oh never, a one for me;
Which is exasperating for
A highly susceptible Chancellor!
Which is, etc.

ALL.

Enter LORD TOLLOLLER.

LD. TOLL. And now, my lord, suppose we proceed to the business of the day?

LD. CHAN. By all means. Phyllis, who is a ward of court, has so powerfully affected your lordships that you have appealed to me in a body to give her to whichever one of you she may think proper to select; and a noble lord has gone to her cottage to request her immediate attendance. It would be idle to deny that I, myself, have the misfortune to be singularly attracted by this young person. My regard for her is rapidly undermining my constitution. Three months ago I was a stout man. I need say no more. If I could reconcile it with my duty, I should unhesitatingly award her to myself, for I can conscientiously say that I know no man who is so well fitted to render her exceptionally happy. But such an award would be open to misconstruction, and therefore, at whatever personal inconvenience, I waive my claim.

LD. TOLL. My lord, I desire, on the part of this House, to

express its sincere sympathy with your lordship's most painful position.

LD. CHAN. I thank your lordships. The feelings of a Lord Chancellor who is in love with a ward of court are not to be envied. What is his position? Can he give his own consent to his own marriage with his own ward? Can he marry his own ward without his own consent? And if he marries his own ward without his own consent, can he commit himself for contempt of his own court? can he appear by counsel before himself to move for arrest of his own judgment? Ah, my lords, it is indeed painful to have to sit upon a woosack which is stuffed with such thorns as these.

Enter LORD MOUNT ARARAT.

LD. MOUNT. My lords, I have the pleasure to inform your lordships that I have succeeded in persuading the young lady to present herself at the bar of this House.

Enter PHYLLIS.

RECITATIVE.—PHYLLIS.

My well-loved lord and guardian dear,
You summoned me, and I am here.

CHO. OF { Oh, rapture! how beautiful!
PEERS. { How gentle! how dutiful!

SOLO.—LORD TOLLOLLER.

Of all the young ladies I know,
This pretty young lady's the fairest;
Her lips have the rosiest show,
Her eyes are the richest and rarest.
Her origin's lowly, it's true,
But of birth and position I've plenty;
I've grammar and spelling for two,
And blood and behavior for twenty.

CHO. Her origin's lowly, it's true,
But he's grammar and spelling for two;
Of birth and position he's plenty,
With blood and behavior for twenty.

SOLO.—EARL OF MOUNT ARARAT.

Though the views of the House have diverged
On every conceivable motion,
All questions of party are merged
In a frenzy of love and devotion.

If you ask us distinctly to say
 What party we claim to belong to,
 We reply, without doubt or delay,
 The party I'm singing this song to.

CHO. If you ask us distinctly to say,
 We reply, without doubt or delay,
 That the party we claim to belong to
 Is the party we're singing this song to.

SOLO.—PHYLLIS.

I'm very much pained to refuse,
 But I'll stick to my pipes and my tabors;
 I can spell all the words that I use,
 And my grammar's as good as my neighbor's.
 As for birth, I was born like the rest;
 My behavior is rustic, but hearty;
 And I know where to turn for the best
 When I want a particular party.

CHO. Though her station is none of the best,
 We suppose she was born like the rest;
 And she knows where to look for her hearty
 When she wants a particular party.

RECITATIVE.—PHYLLIS.

PHYL. Nay, tempt me not:
 To wealth I'll not be bound:
 In lowly cot
 Alone is virtue found.

ALL. No, no, indeed; high rank will never hurt you:
 The peerage is not destitute of virtue.

BALLAD.—LORD TOLLOLLER.

Spurn not the nobly born
 With love affected,
 Nor treat with virtuous scorn
 The well-connected.
 High rank involves no shame;
 We boast an equal claim
 With him of humble name
 To be respected.
 Blue blood!
 Blue blood!

When virtuous love is sought,
 Thy power is naught,
 Though dating from the Flood,
 Blue blood! ah, blue blood.

CHO.

When virtuous love, etc.

Spare us the bitter pain,
 With stern denials,
 Nor with low-born disdain
 Augment our trials.
 Hearts just as pure and fair
 May beat in Belgrave Square
 As in the lowly air
 Of Seven Dials.
 Blue blood!
 Blue blood!

Of what avail art thou
 To serve us now,
 Though dating from the Flood,
 Blue blood? ah, blue blood!

CHO.

Of what avail art thou, etc.

RECITATIVE.—PHYLLIS.

My lords, it may not be;
 With grief my heart is riven;
 You waste your words on me,
 For, ah! my heart is given.

ALL.

Given?

PHYL.

Yes, given!

ALL.

Oh, horror!

RECITATIVE.—LORD CHANCELLOR.

And who has dared to brave our high displeasure,
 And thus defy our definite command?

(*Enter STREPHON; PHYLLIS rushes to his arms.*)

STREPH. 'Tis I, young Strephon; mine the priceless treasure;
Against the world I claim my darling's hand.

ALL. Ah! rash one, tremble!

STREPH. A shepherd I—

ALL. A shepherd he!

STREPH. Of Arcady—

ALL. Of Arcadee!

STREPH. } Betrothed are we!

and PHYL. } Betrothed are they—

ALL. } And mean to be

STREPH. } Espoused to-day.

and PHYL. }

ENSEMBLE.

STREPH.

THE OTHERS.

A shepherd I

A shepherd he

Of Arcady;

Of Arcadee;

Betrothed are we,

Betrothed is he,

And mean to be

And means to be

Espoused to-day.

Espoused to-day.

LD. CHAN. Ah! rash one, tremble!

DUET.—LORD MOUNT and LORD TOLL. (*aside to Peers*).

'Neath this blow,
Worse than stab of dagger,
Though we momentarily stagger,
In each heart
Proud are we innately:

Let's depart,
Dignified and stately—

ALL. Let's depart,
Dignified and stately.

CHORUS OF PEERS.

Though our hearts she's badly bruising
In another suitor choosing,
Let's pretend it's most amusing.
Ha! ha! ha! ha! tzing! boom!

Exeunt all the Peers, marching round stage with much dignity.
LORD CHANCELLOR separates PHYLLIS from STREPHON, and

orders her off. Manent LORD CHANCELLOR and STREPHON.

LD. CHAN. Now, sir, what excuse have you to offer for having disobeyed an order of the court of Chancery?

STREPH. My lord, I know no court of Chancery; I go by Nature's acts of Parliament. The bees, the breeze, the seas, the rocks, the brooks, the gales, the vales, the fountains, and the mountains, cry, "You love this maiden; take her, we command you!" 'Tis writ in heaven by the bright-barbed dart that leaps forth into lurid light from each grim thunder-cloud. The very rain pours forth her sad and sodden sympathy. When chorused Nature bids me take my love, shall I reply, "Nay, but a certain Chancellor forbids it"? Sir, you are England's Lord High Chancellor, but are you Chancellor of birds and trees, king of the winds and prince of thunder-clouds?

LD. CHAN. No. It's a nice point; I don't know that I ever met it before. But my difficulty is, that at present there's no evidence before the court that chorused Nature has interested herself in the matter.

STREPH. No evidence? You have my word for it. I tell you that she bade me take my love.

LD. CHAN. Ah! but, my good sir, you mustn't tell us what she told you; it's not evidence. Now, an affidavit from a thunder-storm or a few words on oath from a heavy shower would meet with all the attention they deserve.

STREPH. And have you the heart to apply the prosaic rules of evidence to a case which bubbles over with poetical emotion?

LD. CHAN. Distinctly. I have always kept my duty strictly before my eyes; and it is to that fact that I owe my advancement to my present distinguished position.

SONG.—LORD CHANCELLOR.

When I went to the Bar as a very young man

(Said I to myself, said I),

I'll work on a new and original plan

(Said I to myself, said I):

I'll never assume that a rogue or a thief

Is a gentleman worthy implicit belief

Because his attorney has sent me a brief

(Said I to myself, said I).

I'll never throw dust in a juryman's eyes,

(Said I to myself, said I),

Or hoodwink a judge who is not over-wise

(Said I to myself, said I),

Or assume that the witnesses summoned in force
In Exchequer, Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, or Divorce
Have perjured themselves as a matter of course
(Said I to myself, said I).

Ere I go into court I will read my brief through
γ (Said I to myself, said I),
And I'll never take work I'm unable to do
(Said I to myself, said I);
My learned profession I'll never disgrace
By taking a fee, with a grin on my face,
When I haven't been there to attend to the case
(Said I to myself, said I).
\\ In other professions in which men engage
(Said I to myself, said I),
The Army, the Navy, the Church, and the Stage
(Said I to myself, said I),
Professional license, if carried too far,
Your chance of promotion will certainly mar;
And I fancy the rule might apply to the Bar
(Said I to myself, said I).
[Exit LORD CHANCELLOR.]

To STREPHON, who is in tears, enters IOLANTHE.

STREPH. Oh, Phyllis! Phyllis! To be taken from you just
as I was on the point of making you my own! Oh, it's too
much! it is too much!

Io. My son in tears, and on his wedding-day?

STREPH. My wedding-day! Oh, mother, weep with me, for
the law has interposed between us, and the Lord Chancellor has
separated us for ever!

Io. The Lord Chancellor!—(Aside.) Oh, if he did but know!

STREPH. (overhearing her). If he did but know—what?

Io. No matter. The Lord Chancellor has no power over you.
Remember, you are half a fairy; you can defy him—down to the
waist.

STREPH. Yes, but from the waist downward he can commit
me to prison for years. Of what avail is it that my body is free
if my legs are working out seven years' penal servitude?

Io. True. But take heart: our queen has promised you her
special protection. I'll go to her and lay your peculiar case be-
fore her.

STREPH. My beloved mother, how can I repay the debt I owe
you?

FINALE.

QUARTETTE.

As it commences the Peers appear at the back, advancing unseen and on tiptoe. MOUNT ARARAT and TOLLOLLER lead PHYLLIS between them, who listens in horror to what she hears.

STREPH. (to IO-
LANTHE).

When darkly looms the day,
And all is dull and gray,
To chase the gloom away
On thee I'll call.

PHYL. (*speaking aside to MOUNT*). What was that?

LD. MOUNT (*aside to PHYLLIS*).

I think I heard him say
That on a rainy day,
To while the time away,
On her he'd call.

CHO.

We think we heard him say, etc.

(*PHYLLIS much agitated at her lover's supposed faithlessness.*)

IO. (to STREPHON).

When tempests wreck thy bark,
And all is drear and dark,
If thou shouldst need an ark,
I'll give thee one.

PHYL. (*speaking aside to TOLLOLLER*). What was that?

LD. TOLL. (*aside to PHYLLIS*).

I heard the minx remark
She'd meet him after dark
Inside St. James's Park,
And give him one.

CHO.

We heard the minx remark, etc.

IO.

The prospect's not so bad ;
Thy heart, so sore and sad,
May very soon be glad
As summer sun ;
But while the sky is dark,
And tempests wreck thy bark,
If thou shouldst need an ark,
I'll give thee one.

PHYL. (*revealing herself*). Ah!

(*IO LANTHE and STREPHON much confused.*)

Oh, shameless one, tremble!
Nay, do not endeavor
Thy fault to dissemble ;
We part, and for ever.
I worshipped him blindly,
He worships another—
Attend to me kindly :
This lady's my mother.

STREPH.

LD. TOLL. This lady's his—*what?*
 STREPH. This lady's my mother.
 TENORS. This lady's his—*what?*
 BASSES. He says she's his mother.

They point derisively to IOLANTHE, laughing heartily at her. She clings for protection to STREPHON.

Enter LORD CHANCELLOR; IOLANTHE veils herself.

LD. CHAN. What means this mirth unseemly
 That shakes the listening earth?

LD. TOLL. The joke is good, extremely,
 And justifies our mirth.

LD. MOUNT. This gentleman is seen
 With a maid of seventeen,
 A-taking of his *dolce far niente*;
 And wonders he'd achieve,
 For he asks us to believe
 She's his mother, and he's nearly five-and-twenty!

ALL. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

LD. CHAN. Recollect yourself, I pray,
 (sternly). And be careful what you say;
 As the ancient Romans said, *festina lente*;
 For I really do not see
 How so young a girl could be
 The mother of a man of five-and-twenty.

ALL. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

STREPH. My lord, of evidence I have no dearth:
 She is—has been—my mother from my birth.

BALLAD.—STREPHON.

In babyhood
 Upon her lap I lay;
 With infant food
 She moistened my clay;
 Had she withheld
 The succor she supplied,
 By hunger quelled
 Your Strephon might have died.

LD. CHAN. Had that refreshment been denied,
 (much moved). Indeed our Strephon might have died.

ALL (much
 affected). Had that refreshment been denied,
 Indeed our Strephon might have died.

LD. MOUNT. But as she's not
 His mother, it appears,

Why weep these hot,
 Unnecessary tears?
 And by what laws
 Should we so joyously
 Rejoice because
 Our Strephon didn't die?
 Oh, rather let us pipe our eye
 Because our Strephon didn't die.
 ALL. That's very true; let's pipe our eye
 Because our Strephon didn't die. (*All weep.*)
 [Exit IOLANTHE.]
 PHYL. Go, trait'rous one; for ever we must part;
 To one of you, my lords, I give my heart.
 ALL. Oh, rapture!
 STREPH. Hear me, Phyllis, ere you leave me.
 PHYL. Not a word; you did deceive me.
 ALL. Not a word; you did deceive her!

BALLAD.—PHYLLIS.

For riches and rank I do not long;
 Their pleasures are false and vain;
 I gave up the love of a lordly throng
 For the love of a simple swain;
 But now that that simple swain's untrue,
 With sorrowful heart I turn to you—
 A heart that's aching,
 Quaking, breaking,
 As sorrowful hearts are wont to do.

The riches and rank that you befall
 Are the only baits you use;
 So the richest and rankiest of you all
 My sorrowful heart shall choose.
 As none are so noble, none so rich,
 As this couple of lords, I'll find a niche
 In my heart that's aching,
 Quaking, breaking,
 For one of you two; and I don't care which.

ENSEMBLE.

PHYL. (<i>to</i> LDS.	}	To you I give my heart so rich.
MOUNT. <i>and</i> TOLL).		
LDS. MOUNT. <i>and</i>	}	To which?
TOLL. (<i>puzzled</i>).		

PHYL. I do not care.
 To you I yield ; it is my doom.
 LORDS. To whom ?
 PHYL. I'm not aware.
 I'm yours for life, if you but choose.
 LORDS. She's whose ?
 PHYL. That's your affair.
 I'll be a countess, shall I not ?
 LORDS. Of what ?
 PHYL. I do not care.
 To them she gives her heart so rich.
 TENORS. To which ?
 BASSES. She won't declare.
 To them she yields ; it is her doom.
 TENORS. To whom ?
 BASSES. I'm not aware.
 TENORS. She's theirs for life, if they but choose.
 BASSES. She's whose ?
 TENORS. That's her affair.
 BASSES. She'll be a countess, will she not ?
 TENORS. Of what ?
 BASSES. We're not aware.
 ALL. Lucky little lady !
 Strephon's lot is shady ;
 Rank, it seems is vital ;
 "Countess" is the title ;
 But of what, I'm not aware.
 STREPH. Can I, inactive, see my fortune fade ?
 No, no !—
 Mighty protectress, hasten to my aid !

*Enter Fairies, tripping, headed by CELIA, LEILA, and FLETA,
and followed by QUEEN.*

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

Tripping hither, tripping thither,
 Nobody knows why or whither ;
 Why you want us we don't know,
 But you've summoned us, and so
 Enter all the little fairies
 To their usual tripping measure.
 To oblige you all our care is ;
 Tell us, pray, what is your pleasure ?
 STREPH. The lady of my love has caught me talking to
 another.
 ALL. Oh fie ! Strephon is a rogue.

- STREPH. I tell her very plainly that the lady is my mother.
 ALL. Taradiddle! taradiddle! tol-lol-lay!
- STREPH. She won't believe my statement, and declares we
 must be parted,
 Because on a career of double-dealing I have
 started;
 Then gives her hand to one of these, and leaves
 me broken-hearted.
- ALL. Taradiddle! taradiddle! tol-lol-lay!
- QUEEN. Ah cruel ones, to part two faithful lovers from
 each other!
- ALL. Oh fie! Strephon is a rogue.
- QUEEN. You've done him an injustice, for the lady is his
 mother.
- ALL. Taradiddle! taradiddle! tol-lol-lay!
- LD.CHAN. That fable perhaps may serve his turn as well as
 any other.
 (*Aside.*) I didn't see her face, but if they fondled one
 another,
 And she's but seventeen, I don't believe it was
 his mother.
- ALL. Taradiddle! taradiddle! tol-lol-lay!
- LD. TOLL. I've often had a use
 For a thoroughbred excuse
 Of a sudden (which is English for "*repente*"),
 But of all I ever heard
 This is much the most absurd,
 For she's seventeen, and he is five-and-twenty.
- FAIRIES. Tho' she is seventeen, and he is four- or five-and-
 twenty,
 Oh fie! Strephon is no rogue.
- LD. MOUNT. Now listen, pray, to me,
 For this paradox will be
 Carried, nobody at all *contradicente*:
 Her age upon the date
 Of his birth was minus eight,
 If she's seventeen, and he's five-and-twenty.
- ALL. He says she is his mother, and he's four- or five-
 and-twenty.
- ALL. To say she is his mother is an utter bit of folly.
 Oh fie! Strephon is a rogue.
 Perhaps his brain is addled, and it's very melan-
 choly;
 Taradiddle! taradiddle! tol-lol-lay!

I wouldn't say a word that could be construed
 as injurious,
 But to find a mother younger than her son is
 very curious;
 And that's the kind of mother that is usually
 spurious.
 Taradiddle! taradiddle! tol-lol-lay!

LD. CHAN. Go away, madam!
 I should say, madam,
 You display, madam,
 Shocking taste.
 It is rude, madam,
 To intrude, madam,
 With your brood, madam—
 Brazen-faced!

 You come here, madam,
 Interfere, madam,
 With a peer, madam
 (I am one);
 You're aware, madam,
 What you dare, madam;
 So take care, madam,
 And begone!

ENSEMBLE.

FAIRIES to QUEEN.
 Let us stay, madam;
 I should say, madam,
 They display, madam,
 Shocking taste.
 It is rude, madam,
 To allude, madam,
 To your brood, madam—
 Brazen-faced!

 We don't fear, madam,
 Any peer, madam,
 Though, my dear madam,
 This is one.
 They will stare, madam,
 When aware, madam,
 What they dare, madam—
 What they've done!

PEERS.
 Go away, madam!
 I should say, madam,
 You display, madam,
 Shocking taste.
 It is rude, madam,
 To intrude, madam,
 With your brood, madam—
 Brazen-faced!

 You come here, madam,
 Interfere, madam,
 With a peer, madam
 (I am one).
 You're aware, madam,
 What you dare, madam;
 So take care, madam,
 And begone!

- QUEEN
(*furious*). Bearded by these puny mortals,
I will launch from fairy portals
All the most terrific thunders
In my armory of wonders.
- PHYL. (*aside*). Surely, these must be immortals.
Should they launch from fairy portals
All their most terrific wonders,
We should then repent our blunders.
- QUEEN. Oh, Chancellor unwary,
It's highly necessary
Your tongue to teach
Respectful speech—
Your attitude to vary.

Your badinage so airy,
Your manner arbitrary,
Are out of place
When face to face
With an influential fairy.
- ALL THE PEERS
(*aside*). We never knew
We were speaking to
An influential fairy.
- LD. CHAN. A plague on this vagary!
I'm in a nice quandary:
Of hasty tone
With dames unknown
I ought to be more chary.
It seems that she's a fairy
From Andersen's library;
And I took her for
The proprietor
Of a ladies' seminary.
- ALL. { He } took her for
 { We }
 The proprietor
 Of a ladies' seminary.
- QUEEN. When next your Houses do assemble
You may tremble.
- LEILA. Our wrath, when gentlemen offend us,
Is tremendous.
- CELIA. They meet, who underrate our calling,
Doom appalling.

- QUEEN. Take down our sentence as we speak it,
 And *he* shall wreak it (*indicating STREPHON*).
 Henceforth, Strephon, cast away
 Crooks and pipes and ribbons so gay,
 Flocks and herds that bleat and low;
 Into Parliament you go.
- FAIRIES. Into Parliament he shall go.
 Backed by our supreme authority,
 He'll command a large majority.
 Into Parliament he shall go.
- QUEEN. In the Parliamentary hive,
 Liberal or Conservative,
 Whig, or Tory, I don't know;
 But into Parliament you shall go.
- FAIRIES. Into Parliament, etc.
- PEERS. Ah, spare us!

QUEEN (*speaking through music*).

Every bill and every measure
 That may gratify his pleasure,
 Though your fury it arouses,
 Shall be passed by both your Houses.
 You shall sit, if he sees reason,
 Through the grouse-and-salmon season;
 He shall end the cherished rights
 You enjoy on Wednesday nights;
 He shall prick that annual blister,
 Marriage with deceased wife's sister;
 He shall offer to the many
 Peerages at three a penny;
 Titles shall ennoble then
 All the common councilmen;
 Earldoms shall be sold apart
 Daily at the auction-mart;
 Peers shall teem in Christendom,
 And a duke's exalted station
 Be attainable by com-
 petitive examination.

PEERS.	FAIRIES and PHYLLIS.
Oh, horror!	Their horror
But we'll dissemble	They can't dissemble,
The coward fear that makes us	Nor hide the fear that makes
tremble.	them tremble.

ENSEMBLE.

PEERS.

Young Strephon is the kind of
lout
We do not care a fig about.
We cannot say
What evils may
Result in consequence;
But lordly vengeance will pursue
All kinds of common people who
Oppose our views,
Or boldly choose
To offer us offence.

He'd better fly at humble game,
Or our forbearance he must
claim,
If he'd escape
In any shape
A very painful wrench.
Your powers we dauntlessly
pooh-pooh!
A dire revenge will fall on you
If you besiege
Our high prestige
(The word "prestige" is
French).

FAIRIES, PHYL. and STREPH.

With Strephon for your foe, no
doubt
A fearful prospect opens out;
And who shall say
What evils may
Result in consequence?
A hideous vengeance will pursue
All noblemen who venture to
Oppose his views,
Or boldly choose
To offer him offence.

'Twill plunge them into grief
and shame;
His kind forbearance they must
claim
If they'd escape
In any shape
A very painful wrench.
Although our threats you may
pooh-pooh!
A dire revenge will fall on you
Should he besiege
Your high prestige
(The word "prestige" is
French).

PEERS.

Our lordly style
You shall not quench
With base *canaille*.
(That word is French.)

FAIRIES.

PEERS.

Distinction ebbs
Before a herd
Of vulgar *plebs*.
(A Latin word.)

FAIRIES.

PEERS.

'Twould fill with joy
And madness stark
The *οἱ πολλοί*.

FAIRIES.

(A Greek remark.)

<p>PEERS. You needn't wait: Away you fly! Your threatened hate We thus defy!</p>	<p>FAIRIES. We will not wait; We go skyhigh; Our threatened hate You won't defy.</p>
<p>FAIRIES. Your lordly style We'll quickly quench With base <i>canaille</i>. PEERS. (That word is French.) FAIRIES. Distinction ebbs Before a herd Of vulgar <i>plebs</i>. PEERS. (A Latin word.) FAIRIES. 'Twill fill with joy And madness stark The <i>ὄτι πολλοί</i>. PEERS. (A Greek remark.)</p>	

<p>PEERS. You needn't wait: Away you fly! Your threatened hate We thus defy!</p>	<p>FAIRIES. We will not wait; We go skyhigh; Our threatened hate You won't defy.</p>
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Peers and Fairies take attitudes of defiance.

PICTURE.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Palace Yard, Westminster, Westminster Hall, L. PRIVATE WILLIS discovered on Sentry, R. Night.*

SONG.—WILLIS.

When all night long a chap remains
 On sentry-go, to chase monotony
 He exercises of his brains;
 That is, assuming that he's got any.
 Though never nurtured in the lap
 Of luxury, yet, I admonish you,
 I am an intellectual chap,
 And think of things that would astonish you.
 I often think it's comical (fal, lal, la!)
 How Nature always does contrive (fal, lal, la!)
 That every boy and every gal
 That's born into the world alive
 Is either a little Liberal
 Or else a little Conservative.
 Fal, lal, la!

When in that house M. Ps. divide,
 If they've a brain and cerebellum too,
 They've got to leave that brain outside
 And vote just as their leaders tell 'em to.
 But then the prospect of a lot
 Of dull M. Ps. in close proximity,
 All thinking for themselves, is what
 No man can face with equanimity.
 Then let's rejoice with loud fal, lal, fal, lal, la!
 That Nature wisely does contrive (fal, lal, la!)
 That every boy and every gal
 That's born into the world alive
 Is either a little Liberal
 Or else a little Conservative.
 Fal, lal, la!

Enter Fairies, R., tripping, and led by LEILA, CELIA, and FLETA.

CHORUS.

Strephon's a member of Parliament,
 Carries every bill he chooses;
 To his measures all assent,
 Showing that fairies have their uses.

a great respect for brains; I often wish I had some myself—but with a House of Peers composed exclusively of people of intellect, what's to become of the House of Commons?

LEILA. I never thought of that.

LD. MOUNT. This comes of women interfering in politics. It so happens that if there is an institution in Great Britain which is not susceptible of any improvement at all, it is the House of Peers.

SONG—LORD MOUNT.

When Britain *really* ruled the waves
(In good Queen Bess's time)

The House of Peers made no pretence
To intellectual eminence

Or scholarship sublime;
Yet Britain won her proudest bays
In good Queen Bess's glorious days..

CHO. Yes, Britain won, etc.

When Wellington thrashed Bonaparte,
As every child can tell,

The House of Peers throughout the war
Did nothing in particular,

And did it very well;
Yet Britain set the world ablaze
In good King George's glorious days.

CHO. Yes, Britain set, etc.

And while the House of Peers withholds
Its legislative hand,

And noble statesmen do not itch
To interfere with matters which

They do not understand,
As bright will shine Great Britain's rays
As in King George's glorious days.

CHO. As bright will shine, etc.

(*Exeunt Chorus of Peers. Manent LORDS MOUNT, ARARAT and TOLLOLLER, and Fairies.*)

LEILA (*who has been much attracted by the Peers during the song*). Charming persons, are they not?

CELIA. Distinctly. For self-contained dignity, combined with airy condescension, give me a British representative peer!

LD. TOLL. Then, pray, stop this protégé of yours before it's too late. Think of the mischief you're doing!

LEILA (*crying*). But we can't stop him now.—(*Aside to*

CELIA.) Aren't they lovely?—(*Aloud.*) Oh why did you go and defy us, you great geese?

DUET.—LEILA AND CELIA.

LEILA. In vain to us you plead—
 Don't go;
 Your prayers we do not heed—
 Don't go.
 It's true we sigh,
 But don't suppose
 A tearful eye
 Forgiveness shows;
 Oh no!
 We're very cross indeed—
 Don't go!

ALL. It's true they sigh, etc.

CELIA. Your disrespectful sneers—
 Don't go!
 Call forth indignant tears—
 Don't go!
 You break our laws,
 You are our foe:
 We cry because
 We hate you so—
 Oh no!
 You very wicked peers,
 Don't go!

FAIRIES.
 You break our laws,
 You are our foe:
 We cry because
 We hate you so—
 Oh no!
 You very wicked peers,
 Don't go!

LORDS MOUNT and TOLLOLLER.
 Our disrespectful sneers—
 Ha! ha!
 Call forth indignant tears—
 Ha! ha!
 If that's the case, my dears,
 We go!

Exeunt MOUNT ARARAT and TOLLOLLER. Fairies gaze wistfully after them. Enter FAIRY QUEEN.

QUEEN. Oh, shame! shame upon you! Is this your fidelity to the laws you are bound to obey? Know ye not that it is death to marry a mortal?

LEILA. Yes; but it's not death to wish to marry a mortal

FLETA. If it were you'd have to execute us all.

QUEEN. Oh, this is weakness! Subdue it!

CELIA. We know it's weakness, but the weakness is so strong!

LEILA. We are not all as tough as you are.

QUEEN. Tough? Do you suppose that I am insensible to the effect of manly beauty? Look at that man (*referring to Sentry*). A perfect picture!—(*To Sentry*.) Who are you, sir?

SENTRY. Private Willis, B Company, First Battalion Grenadier Guards.

QUEEN. You're a fine fellow, sir.

SENTRY. I am generally admired.

QUEEN. I can quite understand it.—(*To Fairies*.) Now, here is a man whose physical attributes are simply godlike. That man has a most extraordinary effect upon me. If I yielded to a natural impulse I should fall down and worship that man. But I mortify this inclination; I wrestle with it, and it lies beneath my feet. This is how I treat my regard for that man.

SONG.—FAIRY QUEEN.

Oh, foolish fay,
Think you, because
His brave array
My bosom thaws,
I'd disobey
Our fairy laws?
Because I fly
In realms above,
In tendency
To fall in love
Resemble I
The amorous dove?
Oh, amorous dove!
Type of Ovidius Naso!
This heart of mine
Is soft as thine,
Although I dare not say so.
Oh, amorous dove, etc.

(*Aside.*)

CHO.

On fire that glows
With heat intense
I turn the hose
Of common sense,
And out it goes
At small expense.
We must maintain
Our fairy law;
That is the main
On which to draw;

In that we gain
A Captain Shaw.*

(*Aside.*) Oh, Captain Shaw!
Type of true love kept under!
Could thy brigade
With cold cascade
Quench my great love, I wonder?

CHO. Oh, Captain Shaw! etc.

Exit Fairies sorrowfully, headed by FAIRY QUEEN.

Enter PHYLLIS.

PHYL. (*half crying*). I can't think why I'm not in better spirits. I'm engaged to two noblemen at once. That ought to be enough to make any girl happy; but I'm miserable. Don't suppose it's because I care for Strephon, for I hate him! No girl would care for a man who goes about with a mother considerably younger than himself.

Enter LORD MOUNT ARARAT.

LD. MOUNT. Phyllis! my own!

PHYL. Don't! How dare you? But perhaps you are one of the noblemen I'm engaged to?

LD. MOUNT. I'm one of them.

PHYL. Oh! But how came you to have a peerage?

LD. MOUNT. It's a prize for being born first.

PHYL. Oh, I see—a kind of Derby cup.

LD. MOUNT. Not at all. I'm of a very old and distinguished family.

PHYL. And you're proud of your race? Of course you are; you won it. But why are people made peers?

LD. MOUNT. The principle is not easy to explain. I'll give you an example.

SONG.—MOUNT ARARAT.

De Belville was regarded as the Crichton of his age;
His tragedies were reckoned much too thoughtful for the stage;
His poems held a noble rank, although it's very true
That, being very proper, they were read by very few;
He was a famous painter too, and shone upon the line,
And even Mr. Ruskin came and worshipped at his shrine;
But, alas! the school he followed was heroically high,
The kind of art men rave about, but very seldom buy;

And ev'rybody said,

"How can he be repaid—

This very great, this very good, this very gifted man?"
But nobody could hit upon a practicable plan.

* Captain Shaw is Chief of the London Fire Brigade.

He was a great inventor, and discovered, all alone,
 A plan for making everybody's fortune but his own ;
 For in business an inventor's little better than a fool,
 And my highly-gifted friend was no exception to the rule.
 His poems—people read 'em in the sixpenny Reviews ;
 His pictures—they engraved 'em in the *Illustrated News* ;
 His inventions—they perhaps might have enriched him by
 degrees,
 But all his little income went in Patent-Office fees.

So everybody said,
 " How can he be repaid—
 This very great, this very good, this very learned man ?"
 But nobody could hit upon a practicable plan.

At last the point was given up in absolute despair,
 When a distant cousin died, and he became a millionaire,
 With a county seat in Parliament and a moor or two of grouse,
 And a taste for making inconvenient speeches in the House.
 Then Government conferred on him the highest of rewards :
 They took him from the Commons and they put him in the
 Lords.

And who so fit to sit in it—deny it if you can—
 As this very great, this very good, and very gifted man ?
 Though I'm more than half afraid
 That it sometimes may be said
 That we never should have revelled in this source of proper pride,
 However great his merits, if his cousin hadn't died.

Enter LORD TOLLOLLER, L.

LD. TOLL. Phyllis! my darling! (*embraces her*).

PHYL. Here's the other! Well, have you settled which it's
 to be?

LD. TOLL. Not altogether; it's a difficult position. It would
 be hardly delicate to toss up. On the whole, we would rather
 leave it to you.

PHYL. How can it possibly concern me? You are both
 earls, and you are both rich, and you are both plain.

LD. MOUNT. So we are. At least I am.

LD. TOLL. So am I.

LD. MOUNT. No, no!

LD. TOLL. Oh, I am indeed very plain.

LD. MOUNT. Well! well! perhaps you are.

PHYL. There's really nothing to choose between you. If one
 of you would forego his title and distribute his estates among his
 Irish tenantry, why, then I should see a reason for accepting the
 the other.

[PHYLLIS retires up.

LD. MOUNT. Tolloller, are you prepared to make this sacrifice?

LD. TOLL. No!

LD. MOUNT. Not even to oblige a lady?

LD. TOLL. No!

LD. MOUNT. Then the only question is, Which of us shall give way to the other? Perhaps, on the whole, she would be happier with me? I don't know; I may be wrong.

LD. TOLL. No, I don't know that you are. I really think that she would. But the painful part of the thing is, that if you rob me of the girl of my heart, one of us must perish.

LD. MOUNT. Again the question arises, Which shall it be? Do you feel inclined to make this sacrifice?

LD. TOLL. No!

LD. MOUNT. Not even to oblige a gentleman?

LD. TOLL. Impossible! The Tollollers have invariably destroyed their successful rivals. It's a family tradition that I have sworn to respect.

LD. MOUNT. I see. Did you swear it before a commissioner?

LD. TOLL. I did, on affidavit.

LD. MOUNT. Then I don't see how you can help yourself.

LD. TOLL. It's a painful position, for I have a strong regard for you, George (*shake hands*).

LD. MOUNT (*much affected*). My dear Thomas!

LD. TOLL. You are very dear to me, George. We were boys together—at least *I* was. If I were to destroy you, my existence would be hopelessly embittered.

LD. MOUNT. Then, my dear Thomas, you must not do it. I say it again and again: if it will have this effect on you, you must not do it. No, no! If one of us is to destroy the other, let it be me.

LD. TOLL. No, no!

LD. MOUNT. Ah yes! By our boyish friendship I implore you (*shake hands*).

LD. TOLL. (*much moved*). Well! well! be it so. But no, no! I cannot consent to an act which would crush you with unavailing remorse.

LD. MOUNT. But it would not do so. I should be very sad at first—oh! who would not be?—but it would wear off. I like you very much (*shake hands*), but not, perhaps, as much as you like me.

LD. TOLL. George, you're a noble fellow, but that tell-tale tear betrays you. No, George, you are very fond of me, and I cannot consent to give you a week's uneasiness on my account.

LD. MOUNT. But, dear Thomas, it would not last a week.

Remember, you lead the House of Lords; on your demise I shall take your place. Oh, Thomas! it would not last a day!

LD. TOLL. It's very kind and thoughtful of you to look at it in that light, but there's no disguising it, George—we're in a very awkward position.

PHYL. (*coming down*). Now, I do hope you're not going to fight about me, because it really isn't worth while.

LD. TOLL. I don't believe it is.

LD. MOUNT. Nor I. The sacred ties of friendship are paramount. No consideration shall induce me to raise my hand against Thomas.

LD. TOLL. And in my eyes the life of George is more sacred than love itself.

QUARTETTE.—PHYLLIS, LORD TOLLoller, LORD MOUNT, AND SENTRY.

LD. TOLL. Tho' p'raps I may incur your blame,
The things are few I wouldn't do
In Friendship's name.

LD. MOUNT. And I may say I feel the same:
Not even Love should rank above
True Friendship's name.

PHYL. Then free me, pray; be mine the shame;
Forget your craze and go your ways,
In Friendship's name!

ALL. Oh, many a man in Friendship's name
Has yielded fortune, rank, and fame,
But no one yet in the world so wide
Has yielded up a promised bride.
Accept, O Friendship, all the same,
Our sacrifice to thy dear name.

(*After Quartette, exeunt PHYLLIS and LORDS TOLLoller and MOUNT ARARAT.*)

Enter LORD CHANCELLOR, very miserable.

RECITATIVE.

Love, unrequited, robs me of my rest;
Love, hopeless love, my ardent soul encumbers;
Love, nightmare-like, lies heavy on my breast,
And weaves itself into my midnight slumbers.

SONG.—LORD CHANCELLOR.

When you're lying awake with a dismal headache, and repose is
tabooed by anxiety,

I conceive you may use any language you choose to indulge in
 without impropriety;
 For your brain is on fire—the bedclothes conspire of usual slum-
 ber to plunder you:
 First your counterpane goes and uncovers your toes, and your
 sheet slips demurely from under you;
 Then the blanketing tickles—you feel like mixed pickles, so ter-
 ribly sharp is the pricking,
 And you're hot and you're cross, and you tumble and toss till
 there's nothing 'twixt you and the ticking;
 Then your bedclothes all creep to the ground in a heap, and
 you pick 'em all up in a tangle;
 Next your pillow resigns and politely declines to remain at its
 usual angle.
 Well, you get some repose in the form of a doze, with hot eye-
 balls and head ever aching,
 But your slumbering teems with such horrible dreams that you'd
 very much better be waking;
 For you dream you are crossing the Channel, and tossing like
 mad in a steamer from Harwich;
 Which is something between a large bathing-machine and a very
 small second-class carriage;
 And you're giving a treat (penny ice and cold meat) to a party
 of friends and relations—
 They're a ravenous horde, and they all come on board at Sloane
 Square and South Kensington stations;
 And bound on that journey you find your attorney (who started
 that morning from Devon);
 He's a bit undersized, and you don't feel surprised when he tells
 you he's only eleven.
 Well, you're driving like mad with this singular lad (by-the-bye,
 the ship's now a four-wheeler),
 And you're playing round games, and he calls you bad names
 when you tell him that "Ties pay the dealer;"
 But this you can't stand, so you throw up your hand, and you
 find you're as cold as an icicle
 In your shirt and your socks (the black silk with gold clocks),
 crossing Salisbury Plain on a bicycle;
 And he and the crew are on bicycles too—which they have some-
 how or other invested in—
 And he's telling the tars all the particulars of a company he's
 interested in:
 It's a scheme of devices to get at low prices all goods from cough-
 mixtures to cables
 (Which tickles the sailors) by treating retailers as though they
 were all vegetables.

You get a good spademan to plant a small tradesman (first take off his boots with a boot-tree),
 And his legs will take root and his fingers will shoot, and they'll blossom and spread like a fruit tree.
 From the greengrocer tree you get grapes and green pea, cauliflower, pineapples, and cranberries,
 While the pastry-cook plant cherry brandy will grant, apple puffs, and three corners, and banberries.
 The shares are a penny, and ever so many are taken by Rothschild and Baring;
 And just as a few are allotted to you, you awake with a shudder despairing.
 You're a regular wreck, with a crick in your neck; and no wonder you snore, for your head's on the floor, and you're needles and pins from your soles to your shins; and your flesh is a-creep, for your left leg's asleep; and you've cramp in your toes, and a fly on your nose, and some fluff in your lung, and a feverish tongue, and a thirst that's intense, and a general sense that you haven't been sleeping in clover;
 But the darkness has passed, and it's daylight at last, and the night has been long—ditto, ditto, my song—and thank Goodness they're both of them over!

During the last lines LORDS MOUNT ARARAT and TOLLOLLER have entered. They gaze sympathetically upon the LORD CHANCELLOR'S distress. At the end of his song they come forward.

LD. MOUNT. I am much distressed to see your lordship in this condition.

LD. CHAN. Ah, my lords, it is seldom that a Lord Chancellor has reason to envy the position of another, but I am free to confess that I would rather be two earls engaged to Phyllis than any other half-dozen noblemen upon the face of the globe.

LD. TOLL. (*without enthusiasm*). Yes. In a way, it's an enviable position.

LD. MOUNT. Oh yes—no doubt most enviable. At the same time, seeing you thus, we naturally say to ourselves, "This is very sad. His lordship is constitutionally as blithe as a bird—he trills upon the bench like a thing of song and gladness. His series of judgments in F sharp, given *andante* in six-eight time, are among the most remarkable effects ever produced in a court of Chancery. He is, perhaps, the only living instance of a judge whose decrees have received the honor of a double encore. How can we bring ourselves to do that which will deprive the court of Chancery of one of its most attractive features?"

LD. CHAN. I feel the force of your remarks, but I cannot

make up my mind to apply to myself again. I am here in a double capacity. Firstly, as a Lord Chancellor entrusted with the guardianship of this charming girl; and, secondly, as a suitor for her hand. In my latter capacity I am overawed by my dignity in my former capacity; I hesitate to approach myself—it unnerves me.

LD. TOLL. It's a difficult position. This is what it is to have two capacities. Let us be thankful that we are persons of no capacity whatever.

LD. MOUNT. But take courage! Remember, you are a very just and kindly old gentleman, and you need have no hesitation in approaching yourself, so that you do so respectfully and with a proper show of deference.

LD. CHAN. Do you really think so? Well, I will nerve myself to another effort, and if that fails I resign myself to my fate.

**TRIO.—LORD CHANCELLOR, MOUNT ARARAT, AND
TOLLOLLER.**

LD. MOUNT. If you go in
You're sure to win—
Yours will be the charming maidie;
Be your law
The ancient saw,

“Faint heart never won fair lady.”

ALL. Never, never, never, never—
Faint heart never won fair lady.
Every journey has an end;
When at the worst affairs will mend;
Dark the dawn when day is nigh;
Hustle your horse and don't say die.

LD. TOLL. He who shies
At such a prize
Is not worth a maravedi;
Be so kind
To bear in mind,
“Faint heart never won fair lady.”

ALL. Never, never, never, never—
Faint heart never won fair lady.
While the sun shines make your hay;
Where a will is, there's a way;
Beard the lion in his lair;
None but the brave deserve the fair.

LD. CHAN. I'll take heart
And make a start,

Though I fear the prospect's shady ;
 Much I'd spend
 To gain my end—
 "Faint heart never won fair lady."
 ALL. Never, never, never, never—
 Faint heart never won fair lady.
 Nothing venture, nothing win ;
 Blood is thick, but water's thin ;
 In for a penny, in for a pound ;
 It's love that makes the world go round.
Dance, and exeunt arm-in-arm together.

Enter STREPHON.

RECITATIVE.

My bill has now been read a second time ;
 His ready vote no member now refuses ;
 In verity I wield a power sublime,
 And one that I can turn to mighty uses.
 What joy to carry, in the very teeth
 Of Ministry, Cross-Bench, and Opposition,
 Some rather urgent measures, quite beneath
 The ken of patriot and politician !

SONG.—STREPHON.

Fold your flapping wings,
 Soaring legislature !
 Stoop to little things—
 Stoop to human nature !
 Never need to roam,
 Members patriotic ;
 Let's begin at home—
 Crime is no exotic.
 Bitter is your bane,
 Terrible your trials,
 Dingy Drury Lane !
 Soapless Seven Dials !

Take a tipsy lout
 Gathered from the gutter,
 Hustle him about,
 Strap him to a shutter ;
 What am I but he,
 Washed at hours stated,
 Fed on filagree,
 Taught and titivated ?

He's a mark of scorn ;
 I might be another
 If I had been born
 Of a tipsy mother.

Take a wretched thief
 Through the city sneaking,
 Pocket-handkerchief
 Ever, ever seeking ;
 What is he but I
 Robbed of all my chances,
 Picking pockets by
 Force of circumstances ?
 I might be as bad—
 As unlucky, rather—
 If I'd only had
 Fagin for a father.

Enter PHYLLIS.

PHYL. (*starting*). Strephon!
 STREPH. (*starting*). Phyllis! But I suppose I should say,
 "My Lady." I have not yet been informed which title your
 ladyship has pleased to elect.

PHYL. I haven't quite decided. You see, *I* have no *mother*
 to advise *me*.

STREPH. No ; I have.

PHYL. Yes, a *young* mother.

STREPH. Not very—a couple of centuries or so.

PHYL. Oh, she wears well.

STREPH. She does ; she's a fairy.

PHYL. I beg your pardon—a what ?

STREPH. Oh, I've no longer any reason to conceal the fact—
 she's a fairy.

PHYL. A fairy! Well, but—that would account for a good
 many things. Then I suppose you're a fairy ?

STREPH. I'm half a fairy.

PHYL. Which half ?

STREPH. The upper half—down to the waistcoat.

PHYL. Dear me! (*prodding him with her fingers*). There is
 nothing to show it. But why didn't you tell me this before ?

STREPH. I thought you would take a dislike to me. But as
 it's all off, you may as well know the truth—I'm only half a
 mortal.

PHYL. (*crying*). But I'd rather have half a mortal I do love
 than half a dozen I don't.

STREPH. Oh, I think not. Go to your half dozen.

PHYL. (*crying*). It's only two, and I hate 'em! Please forgive me.

STREPH. I don't think I ought to. Besides, all sorts of difficulties will arise. You know my grandmother looks quite as young as my mother. So do all my aunts.

PHYL. I quite understand. Whenever I see you kissing a very young lady I shall know it's an elderly relative.

STREPH. You will? Then, Phyllis, I think we shall be very happy (*embracing her*).

PHYL. We won't wait long before we marry; we might change our minds.

STREPH. Yes—we'll get married first.

PHYL. And change our minds afterwards.

STREPH. Yes, that's the usual course.

DUET.—STREPHON AND PHYLLIS.

STREPH. If we're weak enough to tarry
 Ere we marry,
 You and I,
 Of the feeling I inspire
 You may tire
 By and by;
 For peers with flowing coffers
 Press their offers;
 That is why
 I think we will not tarry
 Ere we marry,
 You and I.

PHYL. If we're weak enough to tarry
 Ere we marry,
 You and I,
 With a more attractive maiden,
 Jewel-laden,
 You may fly.
 If by chance we should be parted,
 Broken-hearted,
 I should die:
 That is why we will not tarry
 Ere we marry,
 You and I.

PHYL. But does your mother know you're— I mean is she aware of our engagement?

Enter IOLANTHE.

Io. She is, and thus she welcomes her daughter-in-law (*kisses her*).

PHYL. She kisses just like other people! But the Lord Chancellor?

STREPH. I had forgotten him.—Mother, none can resist your fairy eloquence. You will go to him and plead for us?

Io. (*aside*). Go to him?—(*Aloud.*) No, no! impossible!

STREPH. But our happiness, our very lives, depend upon our obtaining his consent.

PHYL. Oh, madam, you cannot refuse to do this?

Io. You know not what you ask! The Lord Chancellor is my husband!

STREPH. and PHYL. Your husband?

Io. My husband and your father! (*Strephon overcome.*)

PHYL. Then our course is plain. On his learning that Strephon is his son, all objections to our marriage will be at once removed.

Io. Nay, he must never know. He believes me to have died childless; and, dearly as I love him, I am bound, under penalty of death, not to undeeive him. But see, he comes! Quick! my veil! (*Retires up.*)

Enter LORD CHANCELLOR. *IOLANTHE retires with STREPHON and PHYLLIS.*

LD. CHAN. Victory! victory! Success has crowned my efforts, and I may consider myself engaged to Phyllis. At first I wouldn't hear of it; it was out of the question. But I took heart. I pointed out to myself that I was no stranger to myself—in point of fact, I had been personally acquainted with myself for some years. This had its effect. I admitted that I had watched my professional advancement with considerable interest, and I handsomely added that I yielded to no one in admiration for my private and professional virtues. This was a great point gained. I then endeavored to work upon my feelings. Conceive my joy when I distinctly perceived a tear glistening in my own eye! Eventually, after a severe struggle with myself, I reluctantly, most reluctantly, consented.

(*IOLANTHE comes down, STREPHON and PHYLLIS going off.*)

But whom have we here?

RECITATIVE.

Io. My lord, a suppliant at your feet I kneel;
Oh, listen to a mother's fond appeal!
Hear me to-night; I come in urgent need.
'Tis for my son, young Strephon, that I plead.

BALLAD.—IOLANTHE.

He loves! If in the bygone years
 Thine eyes have ever shed
 Tears—bitter, unavailing tears—
 For one untimely dead;
 If in the eventide of life
 Sad thoughts of her arise,—
 Then let the memory of thy wife
 Plead for my boy; he dies!

He dies! If, fondly laid aside
 In some old cabinet,
 Memorials of thy long-dead bride
 Lie dearly treasured yet,
 Then let her hallowed bridal dress,
 Her little dainty gloves,
 Her withered flowers, her faded tress,
 Plead for my boy; he loves!

The LORD CHANCELLOR is moved by this appeal. After a pause—

LD. CHAN. It may not be, for so the Fates decide:
 Learn thou that Phyllis is my promised bride!

IO. (*in horror*). Thy bride? no! no!

LD. CHAN. It shall be so.

Those who would separate us, woe betide!

IO. My doom thy lips have spoken—
 I plead in vain.

CHORUS OF FAIRIES (*without*). Forbear! forbear!

IO. A vow already broken
 I break again.

CHORUS OF FAIRIES (*without*). Forbear! forbear!

IO. For him—for her—for thee,
 I yield my life!

Behold! it may not be—

I am thy wife!

CHORUS OF FAIRIES (*without*). Aiaiah! aiaiah! willaloo!

LD. CHAN. (*recognizing her*). Iolanthe! thou livest?

IO.

Ay,

I live! Now let me die!

Enter FAIRY QUEEN and Fairies. IOLANTHE kneels to her.

QUEEN. Once more thy vows are broken:
 Thou thyself thy doom hath spoken.

CHORUS OF FAIRIES. Aiaiah! aiaiah!
 Willalahalah! willaloo!

Laloiah! laloiah!
Willahalah! willaloo!

QUEEN. Bow thy head to destiny:
Death's thy doom, and thou shalt die!
CHORUS OF FAIRIES. Aiaiah! aiaiah! etc.

The Peers and STREPHON enter. The QUEEN raises her spear.
*LORD CHANCELLOR and STREPHON implore her mercy, LEILA and CELIA rush forward.

LEILA. Hold! If Iolanthe must die, so must we all, for as she has sinned, so have we.

QUEEN. What? (*Peers and Fairies kneel to her—LORD MOUNT ARARAT with LEILA; LORD TOLLOLLER with CELIA.*)

CELIA. We are all fairy duchesses, marchionesses, countesses, viscountesses and baronesses.

LD. MOUNT. It's our fault; they couldn't help themselves.

QUEEN. It seems they *have* helped themselves, and pretty freely too!—(*After a pause.*) You have all incurred death, but I can't slaughter the whole company. And yet (*unfolding a scroll*) the law is clear: Every fairy must die who marries a mortal!

LD. CHAN. Allow me, as an old equity draughtsman, to make a suggestion. The subtleties of the legal mind are equal to the emergency. The thing is really quite simple; the insertion of a single word will do it. Let it stand that every fairy shall die who *don't* marry a mortal, and there you are, out of your difficulty at once!

QUEEN. We like your humor. Very well. (*Altering the MS. in pencil.*)—Private Willis!

SENTRY (*coming forward*). Ma'am!

QUEEN. To save my life it is necessary that I marry at once. How should you like to be a fairy Guardsman?

SENTRY. Well, ma'am, I don't think much of the British soldier who wouldn't ill-convenience himself to save a female in distress.

QUEEN. You are a brave fellow. You're a fairy from this moment. (*Wings spring from Sentry's shoulders.*)—And you, my lords, how say you? Will you join our ranks?

(*Fairies kneel to Peers, and implore them to do so.*)

LD. MOUNT (*to TOLLOLLER*). Well, now that the peers are to be recruited entirely from persons of intelligence, I really don't see what use *we* are down here.

LD. TOLL. None, whatever.

QUEEN. Good! (*Wings spring from the shoulders of Peers.*) Then away we go to Fairyland!

FINALE.**PHYL.**

Soon as we may
 Off and away,
 We will start our journey airy;
 Happy are we,
 As you can see;
 Every one is now a fairy.

PHYLLIS, IOLANTHE and QUEEN.

Tho', as a general rule, we know
 Two strings go to every bow,
 Make up your mind that grief 'twill bring
 If you've two beaux to every string.

CHO.—Tho', as a general rule, etc.**LD. CHAN.**

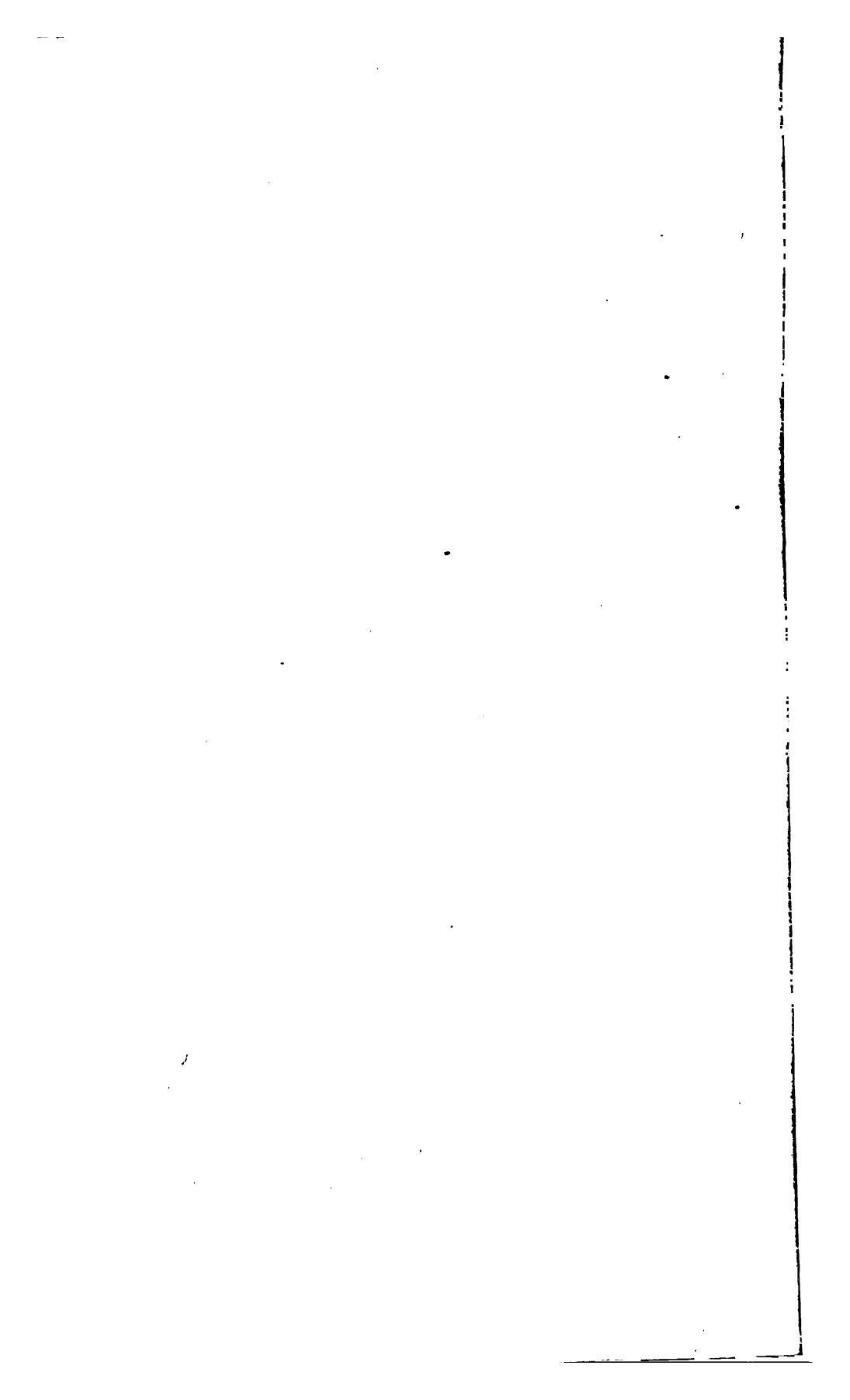
Up in the sky
 Ever so high,
 Pleasures come in endless series;
 Let us arrange
 Pleasant exchange—
 House of Peers for House of Peris.

**TRIO.—LORD TOLLOLLER, LORD MOUNT ARARAT,
AND LORD CHANCELLOR.**

Up in the air sky high,
 Far from wards in Chancery,
 He will be surely happier, far,
 For he's such a susceptible Chancellor.
CHO.—Up in the air, etc.

END OF OPERA.







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